

# Black Rose

## Black 47

Mister Frankie Diamond was my best friend  
We were partners in a business down on C and 7th  
Nothin' ever got this good brother down  
He was a real live wire in an electric town Frankie started hangin' with an uptown girl  
A Harlem lady in the social whirl  
On Saturday night he'd put on his best clothes  
And go out steppin' with his Black Rose Now Frankie went upstate for a couple of years  
A guest of the nation and he was in tears  
He called me up, he said, "Hey friend of mine  
I got one favor to ask you while I'm doin' my time" She's the Queen of New York City  
She bewitch all men soul  
She the blood that flow right through me  
So don't be messin' with my Black Rose Keep your hands off my Black Rose  
My Black Rose, he don't own ya While Frankie was upstate, his Harlem girl  
Continued to spiral in her social whirl  
So I paged her from my gig on East 7th I said  
"Hey, babe, you doin' anythin' 'round about 11?" She said, "Uh uh", in her uptown voice  
So we met at Beirut for cocktails and ice  
When she crossed that room in her tight red dress  
I wasn't thinkin' of Frankie, I have to confess She said, "Hey, best friend, let's go back to my place  
I need to fix my mascara and remodel my face"  
But it rained on the way back to her house  
And when she closed the door she took off her blouse She's the Queen of New York City  
She bewitch all men soul  
Next thing I know, I'm whisperin' sweet nothin's  
Lyin' in bed with my Black Rose I'm makin' love to my Black  
My Black Rose, he don't own ya So stay with me tonight  
At nights I'd lie there and listen to her breathe  
With the sweat on my brow  
How could she sleep So deep, so sweet, as calm as a rock  
While I pushed back the seconds oozing from the clock  
Now the letters I wrote Frankie returned unread  
The word leaked out, I'd be better off dead But in the crimson dawn, Black Rose would unfold  
And drain all the poison from my soul  
Now I'm standin' up here on forty deuce  
Another terminal man waitin' for his bus Here come Frankie with his head all shaved  
Is that a piece in his pocket or is it a blade  
Now I'm lyin' face down in the terminal dirt  
With a hole in my chest, but I don't feel no hurt I don't wanna go to heaven, I been there before

Just spent two years in paradise with my Black Rose  
She's the Queen of New York City  
She bewitch all men soul  
When you go and find her body  
Bury me next to my Black Rose  
Still in love with my Black Rose  
She's up in heaven now, my Black Rose  
You won't be makin' love to my Black  
My Black Rose, he don't own ya  
So stay with me tonight, for the rest of your life  
Roisin Dubh, me no can get over you  
A time is in me mind no matter what I do  
Roisin Dubh me no can get over you  
Now Frankie comin' back and I know that I am through  
Mister Frankie Diamond tell me do the right thing  
Watch his girl while he away at Sing Sing  
But me and Rosie, we have a little fling  
Now Frankie comin' home, wicked trouble it will bring  
Wicked trouble it will bring, Lord have mercy

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